

# THE MACON BEACON

66th YEAR

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## Big Bud Tells of the Reunion.

Editor of the Beacon—

As I promised the boys I would write up my trip and let them know of the Reunion, I will endeavor to take a little time this beautiful morning to fulfill my promise.

Sallie, our grand-daughter, Sallie Spann Swann, and myself, left Macon Saturday morning, May 30th, for the Reunion via Birmingham. We expected our good friend, Tom Wilkins, to join us at Brooksville, but he failed to show up, but Comrade Murray Robertson did join us, and proved to be a most delightful traveling companion and added greatly to our pleasure. Murray has traveled a good deal, has a retentive memory and didn't mind talking much. I got a better insight to Murray's character on this trip than I had gotten in all the years I had known him at home. I found him most generous, willing to do anything to please, and he had more vitality than any other Confederate I met on the trip.

We met Dr. Waddell on the trip, and Murray gave up his berth to this good old man and paid for it, too.

When we arrived at Birmingham we were met by a kind lady friend, Mrs. Kerr, in a fine auto, and were handsomely entertained in her elegant home, had recitations by an accomplished young daughter of the old Empire state and music by a regular German professor.

Early the next morning we boarded the train for Richmond. Every station added its quota, and before the day was over, our car was filled with jolly old Confederates and we passed the day very pleasantly.

As soon as the North Alabama boys commenced joining us, Murray was in his glory; either he knew most of them or he knew their folks, and if I had not known him, I would have thought that he would have killed himself talking, but, of course, I agreed with him. He had soldiered all through East Tennessee, and could point out objects of interest and tell of the battles of the long ago. The scenery along this route is beautiful, and we never tired looking at the grand mountains and beautiful, well tilled fields. At Bristol we took the sleeper and did not get up until we reached the historic city of Petersburg.

After a short stop we proceeded to Richmond, reaching there about 8 a. m. After breakfasting, Murray and myself proceeded to visit the battle-field. I wanted to go first to Beaver Dam creek, where our regiment was first engaged in the seven days' fight around Richmond on Friday morning, June 27th, 1862, but no one we could find had ever heard of the fight and it was not laid down on the map. We had a right severe skirmish here; had our Adjutant General, Capt. Foote, killed, and lost quite a number of our regiment, killed. I know none of Co. A, 19th Mississippi, will ever forget this fight, for it was our second battle, and the enemy fired upon us before day, while we were asleep, and threw us into great confusion for a short time, and it was while rallying the regiment and riding in front of it, over the protest of Capt. Thomas, Capt. Foote was killed. The chaffeur claimed to know how to reach Gaines' Mill, where our brigade distinguished itself that same evening, but we missed the road and found ourselves at Yellow Tavern, where the gallant Jeb Stuart gave up his life to save Richmond.

The people of this famous old city have erected a splendid monument to this gallant cavalry leader right on the spot where he received his death wound, helping to save a piece of artillery, driving Sheridan back and saving the city.

The Federal General Sedgwick was a great admirer of Stuart, and said that Stuart was the best cavalry officer ever foaled in America. It seemed to me that a good deal of the romance of the war went out when this singing, rollicking, fighting cavalierman received his billet.

We had to turn here and go back to Richmond, and the next place we reached was the battlefield of Seven Pines, fought on the 29th and 30th of May, just a month before the seven days' fight. This battle was of peculiar interest to my good wife, for here it was that her gallant brother, James Spann, received several wounds, and died a few days afterward, and is buried in the beautiful Greenwood cemetery. There was little evidence to show where the battle was fought, but several breastworks are still visible in the old fields among the pines, and it was a great satisfaction to her to stand on this historic ground fifty years after her gallant brother and so many of the brave comrades had given up

their lives for the cause they loved so well.

Returning to Richmond; we were carried to the beautiful home of Col. Palmer, who gained during the war as the gallant and efficient Adjutant General of A. P. Hill's Third Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, justly deserved distinction, and is at this time president of one of the largest and most prosperous banks in Richmond. Here we received a regular old-fashioned Virginia welcome from Mr. Young, the son-in-law of Col. Palmer, himself the head of a large packing establishment.

Col. Palmer had been ordered by his physician to go to the White Sulphur Springs for his health, and his daughter, Mrs. Young, accompanied him, but the Colonel had told Mr. Young to spare no pains or expense in entertaining us, and right well did he carry out these instructions, for he made us feel perfectly at home and did all in his power to make our stay pleasant, and all this certainly added greatly to our pleasure. His home is on one of the most fashionable streets, just one block from the Jefferson hotel, one of the finest in the South, and headquarters for Gen. Harrison (who commanded instead of General Bennett Young, who was absent on account of sickness) and his staff, and the many division commanders and their staffs, and the many chaperones and the fair daughters of the South, who were attending and gracing the Reunion, as well as the maids of honor from the different camps. We were only a few blocks from the great Auditorium, where the meetings were held, so, in spite of the rain, which continued throughout the entire session, we had a most enjoyable time.

The city of Richmond had done everything in its power to entertain the veterans, and it was such a pity that once more the rain should have marred their efforts to make this the best reunion we have ever had.

The mail has come, and I will have to close for this time, but will write you again next week.

Good-bye.

BIG BUD.

Letter No. 2.

I had to close my last letter very abruptly, as the mail had to leave at once; did not have time even to read it over, but I wrote Will to supply any omissions; but I remembered that my good friend Walter Price wrote me once "that the words I omitted did not worry him, he could supply them, but it was the words I put in that caused him trouble." I hope they will make out enough to show the boys that I agree with an old Vet that I saw at the close of the reunion, who said that "Richmond had done all she could for our pleasure, and that in spite of the rain he had a 'hell-of-a good time.'"

Col. Palmer's servants caught the spirit of their master, and vied with each other in entertaining us. Some of our old negroes who were from Virginia used to pride themselves of having come from "Old Virginia," and when I saw how well trained these servants were, and how well they conducted themselves, I thought the old Mississippi negroes were justified in boasting of their having lived in "Old Virginia."

In spite of the rain, the Auditorium was filled at every meeting with the old Veterans and Maids and Daughters, and the fair daughters and brave sons of old Richmond, and we had a splendid reunion. A choir of 600 voices and the Ladies' Confederate choir, dressed in full Confederate uniform, sang our old war songs, and the Auditorium rang with the old rebel yell, and made our blood course through our veins as it did in the brave old days of '61-'65; and when the Confederate choir, led by our own Mrs. Osborne, of Columbus, stepped out and sang, "Want to Have a Good Time, Join the Cavalry," the old boys fairly went wild, and standing on their feet waving the old flags, made the house ring again and again with the old rebel yell, and for a short while old Father Time had rolled back the fifty years that have elapsed since we shouted in as we charged the enemy's lines, and once more we were boys again.

Forgotten were the trials and sorrows of the fifty years, forgotten was Appomattox, and once more we stood shoulder to shoulder behind old Marse Robert and defied the world. Old veterans wept as they clasped hands with old commanders since the sad day when our beloved old commander said: "All is lost save honor, and I will have to make terms with Gen. Grant."

As old comrades, these reunions are sad to me, for while I look on the old flag, and listen to the strains of old

Dixie and think of the noble boys who once stood shoulder to shoulder, and who are now sleeping beneath old Virginia's sod, "A feeling of sadness and sorrow comes over me I cannot resist."

Richmond is the grandest city in the Union to have a reunion for there are so many glorious old battlefields to visit, to stand where brave men received the note from Gen. Lee, telling them that the lines were at last broken, and he would have to evacuate Richmond.

But I must tell you of the reunion, for in the absence of Gen. Young, Gen. Harrison, of Alabama, presided, and made a fine vespersing officer. We attended to the usual duties, and on the second day re-elected Bennett Young commander, had quite a contest over this, as the trans-Mississippi boys thought we ought to rotate and elect one of their favorite sons:

This is right, and probably would have been done had not some of friends of their candidate circulated charges against Bennett Young, whose record is based on the fact that escaping from a Federal prison, he remained in Canada, the rest of the war, and led the party of Confeds that robbed the St. Albans, Vermont, bank; but as this was done as a war measure, by the orders of the Confederate commission, to try to embroil England and the United States in a war, it was thought 'it was due Gen. Young to re-elect him, and thus vindicate this splendid gentleman.

I introduced a resolution to the effect that after this no one would be eligible for re-election for any office except Adjutant-General, but some one raised the point of order that this resolution was unconstitutional, and Gen. Harrison, without hearing from me and other friends of the measure, ruled the point well-taken, but they will hear from me again, for I do think it nothing but fair and right.

The trans-Mississippi boys have long wanted this honor, and we had no braver or better soldiers than these old Confeds and under the lead of Gen. Kirby Smith, they prevented the Federals from occupying that country, and the Irish company of Confederates down in Texas whipped off an attack of the Federal fleet, captured one vessel with four times more men than they had, and gained such a signal victory, that I am told that no mention is made of it by Federal historians. Mr. Davis in his "Rise and Fall of the Confederacy" gives an account of this fight, and gives the name of every man engaged therein. So let us pass the honor around, and recognize some one of these grand old men.

After a very brilliant speech by Congressman Hefflin, of Alabama, inviting the Confederates to hold their next reunion at Birmingham. This invitation was accepted by unanimous vote. Birmingham is a glorious city and entertained the old Veterans so handsomely only a few years ago, and it is so near us that I hope a large number of our camp can attend.

The third day the rain held up and we had the grand parade, and once more, the old Confeds, with banners flying and bands playing Dixie and other Southern airs, marched down the historic streets of the grand old capital of the Confederacy. To show that war is over and once more we are a re-united country the governor of Connecticut and a company of the National Guard of that state did themselves the honor to march in that parade and their band played Dixie as much as any other band.

Almost all the National Guards of Virginia, headed by their splendid governor, a nephew of old Jeb Stuart, together with the magnificent companies of Richmond, radiant with splendid uniforms graced the procession. No one could look on these old Confeds and their splendid young soldiers and the fair matrons and maids of honor, as they marched so gallantly around the monument to our honor, would realize that there is "life in the old land yet," and the lines every once in a while came singing to my heart:

Lives there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land.

The citizens of Richmond, wishing to do all in their power to please and entertain the old Vets, had planned a floral parade for the second evening, and had offered prizes for the best decorated car, but as it rained, this had to be had on the day of the parade, and it added greatly to our pleasure, for the cars were beautifully decorated with all kinds of flowers, and they evidenced great artistic taste.

They also planned magnificent fireworks, duplicating the blowing up of the crater. One company represented the Federals and when the crater was blown up, charged and took possession of it, and then another company representing the Confederates, charged and recaptured it, and all of the time they were discharging their guns, while fireworks of all kinds were being

## There is a Difference

IN

## Palm Beach Suits

DON'T ALLOW YOURSELF TO BE DECEIVED

Have you ever thought that there IS difference in Palm Beach Suits? Well, there is—a vast difference. A suit can be made of genuine Palm Beach Cloth and yet be inferior to the other Palm Beach Suits. The reason is this: There are several grades of Palm Beach Cloth and several grades of tailoring. A cheap Palm Beach Suit must necessarily be made of a cheaper grade of cloth and cheaper tailoring than the better suits. That's the reason. Logical isn't it? We think it will pay to buy a good one. We have Palm Beaches from \$4.50 to \$7.50.

We are featuring a new line of Leghorn and Imitation Leghorn (something new) hats. Priced at \$2.00 to \$5.00.

Also have a new line of Wash Ties, Silk Shirts, Hose, Underwear, etc.

**PATTY BROS.**

The "Square Deal" House

## Coupon Day

AT

## Herbert Drug Co.

MONDAY, JUNE 28th

we will begin giving Coupons for chance at a Five Pound Box of

## Norris Candy

A fresh supply of this excellent Candy has just arrived. Every Saturday at six o'clock a coupon will be drawn from the box and the winner will be presented with a five pound box of Norris Exquisite Candy.

## FRUIT JARS

E-Z Seal

AND

Mason

Fruit Jars

Extra Tops and Rubbers.

H. M. JONES

of the mountain resorts. I have not told of one-half of the beauties of Richmond, and have visited Washington, so bear with me until I tell it all.

I will not be at home for a week or so yet, but will take time to give you a letter each week, so good-bye for this time.

Card to the Public.

To the Voters of Noxubee County:

As the first primary election is near at hand, I feel that I am due myself and friends an explanation as to why I have not made a house to house canvass as some of those who are running for the same office have deemed proper to do.

In the first place, working on a salary it was impossible to make this canvass and at the same time receive at the hands of my employer compensation which I was not earning. There is no particular disgrace in being poor, but it becomes very inconvenient at such times. There is no citizen of this county who appreciates more keenly the warm hand-shake of his fellowman than myself. I hope, therefore, that in considering my aspiration for the office of

County Treasurer, that the good citizens will not feel that my not having visited them and their homes, ought to occasion them to cast their ballots otherwise than for my election.

The executive committee having fixed the time and places for the public gatherings in making our campaign, I have made arrangements by which I can be at these gatherings, and I hope that I will be able to see each and every voter and ask them in person for their support, for which I have been unable to ask heretofore.

I have not held a public office, but have been an assistant in a public office in this county and have endeavored to do that which was pleasing and accommodating to every citizen who saw proper to call on me. If I am so fortunate as to be elected to this office, I promise to give it the attention such a public trust deserves.

If elected I will be in my office each day and my friends and the general public shall have the same courteous treatment that they have always had and that I have always tried to give. I therefore trust with this explanation the voters will appreciate my attitude, and I shall be very grateful for your support in the coming election.

Respectfully,  
W. O. HARNES, JR.

LOST—A small ladies' gold watch with black face, between South Chapel neighborhood and Brooksville. Reward will be paid to finder.  
E. L. LUCAS.

## Want a Home?

Will sell my six-acre, Mississippi, home for \$3,500. Terms, one-third cash and balance as suits purchaser, carried at six per cent. interest.

This is a very desirable home, known as the Featherston place, located on the west side of Main street; house has every modern convenience, such as hot and cold water and electric lights. Property consists of residence, with barn, garden, cistern, and several acres fronting on alley directly west of residence. See or write

J. H. HUBBARD,  
Mashville, Miss.,  
Or W. J. HUBBARD,  
Shuqualak, Miss.

## Money to Loan.

Noxubee and Pickens Land. Best proposition on market.

STRONG & BUSH.